Numb. 59.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Summa eſt Victoria *amicos Superare.*

From Friday November 18, to Monday November 21, 1709.

Rosella's Day.

SINCE you were ſo warm laſt Night, Ladies, in maintaing your Opinions for Duels, I have diſſwaded *Orontes* from what he was eager to undertake upon my account; but I ſhall at this time conceal what I apprehend of the Quarrel betwixt him and *Cretander*, and the Circumſtances that firſt produc'd it, leſt I ſhou'd fall into the Indiſcretion of a certain Phyſician, who coming to one Sick of a Fever, ſpent his time in telling the Patient the Cauſes of his Diſtemper were *Drink* and *Ill Company*; which, tho' poſſibly true, cou'd not but be very Impertinent before the Party had his Cure, ſince there was no room left now for Prevention. And as *Phyſick* is oppos'd to the Defects incident to bad Diet and Diſorder, ſo Counſel hath been obſerv'd to moderate and palliate, tho' not Cure thoſe of *Indiſcretion*, ariſing for the moſt part from want of Knowledge, wherein our own Honour conſiſts, or that of our Adverſaries, with reſpect either to Fame or Self-Preſervation; for Phyſick itſelf may be acceptable, tho' it be very bitter, and Counſel meet with a favourable Conſtruction, eſpecially from a Man of good Manners and good Nature, which I flatter my ſelf I found in *Orontes*; and I hope Ladies, you will Pardon me, if I have exceeded the Bounds of Diſcretion, ſo as to ſuffer my ſelf to be thought guilty of Loving him, when I became an Arbitrator between the Honour and Prudence of a Friend, ſo far as to maintain, that ſuch as animate and encourage Friends to Revenge, have certainly their Hands polluted with the Blood that is ſpilt; for to uſe the Cant of Men of this Kidney, which is no where to be found in the Language of Antiquity, ſuch a one, ſay they, has given me an Affront, and ſuch a one as cannot be paſs'd by without Satisfaction, which is but the ſingle wild Opinion of ſome *Under-graduates* in the Art of Living: Yet admit it a Debt due in the Court of Honour, cannot it be diſcharg'd there better than the open Field? Where a Man muſt deliver into the Hand of Fortune, not only his Life but his Eſtate, as juſtly belonging to Poſterity as ever his Anceſtors made it his, which by this Mad kind of Knight Arrantry he ſets at Stake. I am ſure all Wiſe Men will agree with me in this, and if the Fools of the preſent Age pretend to any new Diſcoveries of the way to Honour, yet unknown to the Ancients, let 'em follow them to the utmoſt extent of their Lives or Lunacy, whilſt Men of Conduct hearken to the graver Advice of Reaſon which way to inform them, whoever hath offer'd an abuſe already: no Man ought to hazard from ſuch a one the receiving of a greater; indeed, if a Return is endeavour'd inſtantly, it is the more excuſable; but that opportunity omitted, it is more a wrong to Charity than a Vindication of Courage, to call back Revenge in Cold Blood, as if ſuch Men were worſe Chriſtians upon Reflection, than when provok'd by Paſſion. Neither is Honour to be purchaſed in ſingle Combate, becauſe no Marks of it appear in Antiquity, where many are found Dead, but not one to my Remembrance, upon ſo Impertinent a Quarrel as *Words*. He that conſults Hiſtory may find, that ſome Men have gain'd more Honour from a Laudable Retreat, than others cou'd obtain by a Field Battel, which the *Paris Gazetteer* of late has prov'd to a Miracle: But what is a *Retreat*, ſay ſome, but a fine turn'd Word for *Running away*? After all that can be ſaid, I think, *Fierceneſs* is proper to nothing but *Beaſts*, whereas a neat Evaſion or clean come off, belongs peculiarly to a *Smart Fellow*; of which I ſhall inſtance this Story that now comes freſh into my Memory: A Gentleman lying like *Orontes* under the Diſhonour of an Injury offer'd him, met his Enemy and Shot him with a Piſtol ſtop'd full of Cow-Dung; whereupon the Combatant cry'd out wletring in the Mire, I am a Dead Man, he has ſlain me: The Seconds running to his Aſſiſtance, and perceiving what had happen'd, burſt out into a Laughter, which ſo ſurpriſed the beſpatter'd Heroe, he ſoon diſcover'd himſelf to be a meer *Braggadachio*. And for this piece of *Wit* I am ſure Mr *Bickerſtaff* will think our Aſſailtant highly Commendable. *Arnoldo*, a Gentleman of Fortune, with the like Succeſs return'd this Anſwer to a Rake that challeng'd him: Sir, ſays he, if you can prove your Loſs as great as mine, ſhou'd I kill or be kill'd, I wou'd gladly accept, otherwiſe I don't think it reaſonable to venture my Life againſt one that wants Neceſſaries, and ſo of Conſequence may perhaps ſeek Death, rather becauſe you know not how to Live, than that you know how bravely to Dye.

To the Ingenious Society of *Tatling Ladies*, by what Names or Titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſh'd.

'THO' the Elegance of your Forms, and the Solidity of your Judgments, *Ladies*, makes me confident you will not hazard the leading Apes in Hell; yet it is none of the leaſt Modern Miracles, why you ſtay ſo long unmarried, as if you had Antidotes to repel Age, and were Proof againſt Time and Scandal, or had an Occaſional Receipt to recover worn off Locks: Conſider, *Ladies*, how a few Years will change *Alabaſter* into a Wainſcoat Colour. I am ſorry you reſolve againſt Husbands, till you Pattern the Characters your Fancies preſented to me, when I had laſt the Honour to kiſs your Hands, and heard the Scorn wherewith you received the Offers of ſome City Traders. I muſt be bold to tell you, I took it rather as a Copy of your Countenance, than any

thought

'thought that cou'd ever take its Birth from the Diſ-
'cretion I always took you to be Miſtreſſes of. Since
'ſo much Pleaſantry is dictated in the Stile of your
'Language as is not to be found in a Romance, or the
'ſhort Entertainment of a Lover's Paſſion, which once
'throughly cur'd, is rarely found to Recoyl. I con-
'feſs Wife and conſtant Lovers may be had, but few
'ſuch Husbands, whoſe Minds receive a little altera-
'tion by Marriage, as Drunken Men do by Sleep; for
'like them Men become Weary and Sick of what they
'formerly took Delight in; upon this Notion, that
'he who Yokes himſelf to a Woman, forfeits his Pru-
'dence no leſs than ſhe who hazards her Reputation
'by taking a Man to her Arms, before he is enchanted
'by the Prieſt, which, thro' Cuſtom and Shame, is
'made far more neceſſary to your Sex than ours.
'Wherefore finding that *Time* is inceſſantly nibbing
'at Youth, and *Beauty* the bait of your *Trap*, and that
'it is unlikely with thoſe Engines to catch thoſe that
'are *Wiſe*, be nimble and lay hold on thoſe that are
'*Rich*, who are confeſs'd none of the wiſeſt Maſters,
'and therefore with more eaſe to be govern'd. The
'Felicities of Marriage periſhing in the Conflict be-
'twixt Man and Wife, of equal Spirit and equal Wit,
'it being impoſſible there ſhou'd be want of Difference,
'where both lay Claim to a Capacity fit only to be
'obey'd: So that if you chuſe the Rich before the
'Wiſe, inſtead of being *Wards* you ſhall be *Guardians*
'of the Eſtate, as well as Perſon of your Husbands.
'Now in relation to other Things, upon the ſcore of
'which you may reckon ſtronger Felicities, they will
'be found afterwards to vaniſh into Cyphers; where-
'fore if you reſolve to Marry, no Husbands are more
'proper than half Witted Men, whoſe Folly you may
'exchange for Wiſdom when you pleaſe: And to re-
'nounce it quite is burying your Talent in the Ground,
'and robbing the World, while you ought to leave it
'as Rich as you found it; beſides, you'll fall into the
'Condition of Old Maids, than which nothing is more
'diſpicable; for they are acceptable in no Company,
'not daring to come amongſt Women for fear of pre-
'tending to too much Knowledge, or approach the
'Men for fear of Contempt. The Moral of *Andromeda*
'is a Hiſtory of your preſent Condition, *Ladies*, where
'the barren Rock ſhe is ty'd to, is the Token of Vir-
'ginity; the Monſter that came to devour her, *Time*,
'and he that delivers her ſome *Witty Fellow* that per-
'ſwades her to take ſome Rich Cully to her Husband,
'which may warrant the Acceſs of one more agreea-
'ble.

I am,

Moſt Sociable Ladies

Your Devoted Slave and Well-Wiſher,

Jack Rakiſh.

†‡† *The Lady in the City, who lately Chriſten'd her Daughter* William, *upon aſſurance from the Midwife that it was a Boy, is deſired to be more Circumſpect for the future, and chuſe both Midwives and Nurſes that can tell the diſtinction of Sexes without Spectacles, leaſt the Surgeons that were call'd in to give their Opinions ſhou'd publiſh this overſight to the great prejudice of all Fumbling Midwives, who have loſt the Senſe of Feeling.*

†‡† *Mr.* Sergeant—— *in the* Temple *is deſir'd to forbear all further Proſecution of Scandal againſt his Baker, for inſolently demanding his Money of him, he making publick acknowledgment of his fault, ſince it was but two Years Credit, and the Sergeant took but a Two-Penny Loaf a Day of him all that Time: This is incerted for the Publick good, that, ſince Bread is ſo Dear, and Law ſo Dead, the Practitioners of that Profeſſion may have a Preſident before them how to live Frugally in their Chambers, and improve their Money abroad, by making that Cheating Society of Bakers Truſt as long as they pleaſe.*

†‡† Roſella *thinks it ſtrange, that Clergy-Men ſhou'd Preach Particular Sermons upon Particular Occaſions, which they are aſham'd to Print.*

†‡† *A certain Gentlewoman, whoſe Follies have formerly been reprov'd in this Paper, and elſewhere, in hopes of her Amendment, imagining this way might have ſome Influence on her, ſeeing tho' ſhe has from the Pulpit in general Terms, heard her Actions abſolutely declared againſt as Sinful, yet ſhe will not be perſwaded either to amend or alter them; ſo that ſince nothing will do, ſhe is given over as irreclaimable.*

†‡† *A Gentlewoman too who has for this Twenty Years been obſerved a conſtant Church-Woman, is deſired for the future either to Remember or Practice better what ſhe hears, or to ſtay at Home; and is told, that the Temple is not a Place to Scold in, and that if ſhe has any thing to ſay to her Neighbours henceforward, that ſhe would take a more Convenient Opportunity, and not Venemouſly vent her Rancour in ſo Sacred a Place: Fie, Fie, Madam, you ought to know better.*

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*†‡ The Hiſtory of the Imperial and Royal Families of Auſtria and Bourbon, traced down from their Original to this preſent Time. With an Account of their Riſe, Advancement and Decay; their Differences, Wars and Quarrels; their Treaties, Alliances and Marriages; all the Conſiderable Incidents and Alterations that have happen'd to either; with a View of the preſent State of their Controverſies and Affairs; and of their ſeveral Pretentions to the Crown of Spain. By an Impartian Hand. Printed for Iſaac Cleave near Serjeant's Inn Gate, in Chancery-Lane.

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